

COMPOSITION

THE FAUSTUS PHENOMENON
BOOK ONE
AUTUMN 2012

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A PHILOSOPHICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF *Michael William*
HENTRICH

THE FAUSTUS PHENOMENON

BOOK ONE AUTUMN 2012

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INTRODUCTION: NOTES FROM THE GERMAN GENIUS

2012.09.20

By the time of this scribbling, I am 45 years old. It is clear to me that I have been a DISCIPLE of German philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, for over two decades, enjoying my higher mental faculties in privacy, through hours and days and years of study and philosophical inquiry — profound philosophical inquiry.

Like my Germanic ancestors I am very much a thinker, a deep thinker. I dive deeper, and I come up muddier. At this point in my personal journey, I am basically in an INTERLUDE OF SOBRIETY. I am taking full advantage of this accidental sobriety by enacting what will come to be known as THE SCHOPENHAUER CURE. I am THE REAL THING, baby!

Ø

NOTES FROM the Introduction

Blinded by the Light: Hitler, the Holocaust, and "the Past That Will Not Pass Away"

"The word 'genius' in German has a special overtone, even a tinge of the demonic, a mysterious power

and energy; a genius - whether artist or scientist - is considered to have a special vulnerability, a precariousness, a life of constant risk and often close to troubled turmoil. - FRITZ STERN

The Germans dive deeper - but they come up muddier.
- WICKHAM STEED

For those [Germans] born during and after the Second World War the cultural history of Germany before 1933 is that of a lost country, one that they never knew. - KEITH BULLIVANT

For countless Americans, Germany remains the ultimate metaphor of evil, the frightening reminder of the fragility of civilization. - DEIDRE BERGER

The German, at odds with himself, with deep divisions in his mind, likewise in his will and therefore impotent in action, becomes powerless to direct his own life. He dreams of justice in the stars and loses his footing on earth... In the end, then, only the inward road remained open for German men. - ADOLF HITLER

People in England want something to read, the French something to taste, the Germans something to think about. — KURT TUEHOLSKY

The Planet is in flames... Only from the Germans can come the world-historical reflection, provided that they find and preserve their German element. — MARTIN HEIDEGGER

It has always struck me as particularly interesting that so many of the great debunking analysts of modern culture have been German or Austrian, not English or French. — FRITZ RINGER

The Allies won [the Second World War] because our German scientists were better than their German scientists. — SIR IAN JACOBS, MILITARY SECRETARY TO CHURCHILL

We poor Germans! We are fundamentally lonely, even when we are "famous"! No one really likes us. — THOMAS MANN

Hitler was "the mirror" of every German's unconscious... the loudspeaker which magnifies the inaudible whispers of the German soul. — CARL JUNG

No one is a Nazi, no one ever was...

It should be set to music. - NOEL ANNAN

Ø

p. 11

More Aryans than Jews were killed in the death camps.
- from Historikerstreit, the "historians' dispute"
(Ernst Nolte - student of Heidegger)

p. 28

Peter Watson maintains that Hitler and the Holocaust are preoccupying the world to such an extent that we are denying ourselves important aspects elsewhere in German history.

p. 30

Germany went from being a poor relation among Western countries, intellectually speaking, to the dominant force - more influential in the realm of ideas than France or Britain or Italy or the Netherlands, more so even than the United States. This remarkable transformation [between 1754 and 1833] is the subject of the German Genius.

p. 31

Peter Watson cautions readers to understand there is a huge difference between culture and civilization to "Germans": "Politics and the affairs of the state represented the area of their humiliation"

p. 859

and lack of freedom, while culture represented the sphere of their freedom and their pride."

There is a German obsession for distinguishing between "civilization" and "culture". In German usage, Civilization means something that is indeed useful, but nevertheless only something of value of the second rank, comprising only the outer appearance of human beings, the surface of human existence.

The word through which Germans interpret themselves, which more than any other expressed their pride (in their own being), is Kultur.

Whereas the French as well as the English concept of culture can also refer to politics and to economics, to technology and to sports, to moral, and to social facts, the German concept ~~refers~~ of Kultur refers essentially to intellectual, artistic and religious facts, and has a tendency to draw a sharp dividing line between facts of this sort, on the one side, and political, economic and social facts, on the other.

p. 859 * footnote: The full differentiation in Germany is between Wissenschaft (scholarship), Kunst, Kultur, Lebensart (feine Lebensart), and Zivilisation

1800's = Schopenhauer's era!

In the 19th century in particular, the sciences, by their very nature, formed a natural alliance with engineering, commerce, and industry. At the same time, and despite their enormous successes, the sciences were looked down upon by artists, philosophers, and theologians.

Whereas in a country like England or America the sciences and the arts were, to a much greater extent, seen as two sides of the same coin, jointly forming the intellectual elite, this was much less true in 19th century Germany.

This division, between Kultur and Zivilisation, was underlined by a second opposition, that between Geist and Macht, the realm of intellectual or spiritual endeavor and the realm of power and political control.

(In Britain 1950's mentality

p 32 → There is a ~~culture~~ of "literary intellectuals" and the ~~culture~~ mentality of the natural scientists.

Between these there is "a profound mutual suspicion and incomprehension". The division was not quite the same in Germany - where sociologists and politicians were lumped in with scientists as aspects of Zivilisation and opposed to Kultur - but it was from the same family and even more profound.

The appeal of "culture" in Germany, Lepenies says, accompanied as it is by "scorn" for everyday politics, has been based on a belief ~~that~~ in the "deeply apolitical nature of the 'German soul,'" and thus, he insists, nurtured Germany's claim, as a Kulturnation, to superiority over the merely "civilized" West from the late 19th century on.

p. 34

Thomas Mann wrote, "Interested in metaphysics, poetry and music but not in voting rights or the proper procedures of the parliamentary system, for them Kant's Critique of Pure Reason was a more radical act than the proclamation of the rights of man."

p. 35

The German genius was cut off in its prime. All the world knows WHY this happened. Much less well known is why and how the Germans achieved the pre-eminence they did. Yes, people know that Germany lost a lot of talent under the Nazis (60,000 writers, artists, musicians, and scientists sent either into exile or to the death camps by 1939). But even many Germans appear to have forgotten that their country was such a dominant power intellectually until 1933.

PART I: THE GREAT TURN IN GERMAN LIFE

① GERMANNESS EMERGING

p 53 Bildung. Difficult to translate, in essence it refers to the inner development of the individual, a process of fulfillment through education and knowledge, an amalgam of wisdom and self-realization.

② BILDUNG → TRUE (INNER) FREEDOM

PART II: 3rd RENAISSANCE BETWEEN DOUBT & DARWIN

③ The Origins of Modern Scholarship

p 110 Bildung - true (inner) freedom - involved 3 things: Zwecklosigkeit, Innerlichkeit, and Wissenschaftlichkeit (non-purposiveness inwardness and scholarliness)

④ The Supreme Products of the Age of Paper

p. 120 Goethe had a serious aim. He had told Caroline Herder

that he had lost his belief in divine powers in the summer of 1788 and the purpose of life, when there is no god, he is saying in the book, is to BECOME, to become much more than one was.

"The ultimate meaning of our humanity is that we develop that higher human being within ourselves, which emerges if we continually strengthen our truly human powers, and subjugate the inhumane."

Some NON-GERMANS have found it too much.

Goethe's most famous masterpiece is FAUST.

It was by no means a new story, being a well-known medieval legend, made into a play by Christopher Marlowe, though Goethe wasn't aware of Marlowe's work until he had written more than half of his version. It took him 60 years to complete!

The legend [of Doctor Faustus] may be grounded in fact. There was a Georg Faust alive at the turn of the 16th century (1500) who wandered through central Europe claiming to possess recondite forms of knowledge which gave him special healing powers.

After his death he gradually acquired a slight change of name and an academic title, as Dr. Johannes Faustus, a professor at Wittenberg. In his lectures, he was alleged to "conjure up at will" personages from classical Greece, and he was notorious too for allegedly playing tricks on both the pope and the emperor.

According to the legend, Faust becomes disillusioned with the many forms of secret knowledge he has tried to get, and the devil, Mephistopheles, makes a wager with God that he can tempt Faust into his world.

No notes taken from section (5) New Light on the Structure of the Mind, but it covers Immanuel Kant.

The new understanding was a psychological approach to mankind, though Idealism,

Transcendental Idealism, is sometimes referred to as a form of speculative philosophy, this isn't wholly fair. Kant had introduced a rigorous new way of observing,

OBSERVING OURSELVES.

While this sometimes got out of hand, this observation of ourselves, the concentration on subjective universality,

consciousness and self-consciousness, was the real beginning of modern psychology. The problem with this new approach was that it emerged before Darwinian understanding had been evolved. This had major consequences for psychology, which for many has always been seen more as a form of philosophy rather than a form of biology.

It is one reason why the unconscious, and with it the therapeutic approach to life, was at root a German idea.

Section 6: The High Renaissance in Music: The Symphony as Philosophy

p153 Vocal music was more popular than instrumental music up to the 16th century. In Italy rose the first organ school. Germans visited Venice to learn from the masters there.

From this rose Bach, Leipzig, Handel, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791), Beethoven, Haydn. Music was influenced by

1770 → 1827 Idealistic philosophy.

section 7: Cosmos, Cuneiform, Clausewitz p170-173 GAUSS
Gauss born into a laborer's family. Modern math begins with (1777-1855)
Carl Friedrich Gauss was much influenced by KANT.

no notes from sections 8, 9, 10.

section 11: The Evolution of Alienation

p. 239

Speculative philosophy had a special status (at the turn of 18th to 19th century (1800), because Europe was in that intellectual time frame between doubt and Darwin. This section covers Friedrich Schelling, Marx, Hegel ... There was a small closed circle of German Romantics.

Hegel was distressed by the "anarchic individualism" of contemporary European life.

There was a Hegelian aftermath.

Hegel died in 1831, Goethe died in 1832.

Enter "The Young Hegelians" Enter Karl Marx (1818-1883) - greatly influenced by Feuerbach.

In worshipping God, man is worshipping himself. This gap between what we really are and what we wish to become, the pure divine supernatural, is a description of our alienation. This was Kant Hegelianized. Kant Hegelianized!

III. The Rise of the Educated Middle Class

Kant's arguments implied that mathematics was an aspect of the imagination

Kant's arguments implied that mathematics was an aspect of the imagination and, therefore, a FORM OF FREEDOM.

Fewerbach produced in Marx the conception of man "as a being whose very essence is modified by his contact with nature and his fellow men in society." This is how Marx, following ~~Hegel~~ Feuerbach, came to regard Hegel's conception of alienation as central.

Moses Hess, also a Young Hegelian, described Marx as "Rousseau, Voltaire, Holbach, Lessing, Heine, and Hegel rolled into one."

"Money," insisted Hess, "is the worth of men expressed in figures, the hallmark of our slavery."

For Marx, "Money is the jealous God of Israel beside which no other God may exist."

from section 7, p 171

Number patterns don't have to be USEFUL. The masses don't have to understand WHY prime numbers are so fascinating or WHY it is so important to understand their behavior.

Because of this, mathematicians are destined to inhabit their own private, solitary worlds. Gauss kept a MATHEMATICAL DIARY.

Gauss never published his ideas and the friends this troubled man shared his thoughts with were pledged to secrecy. Not only did Gauss recognize the patterns of prime numbers, but, according to his mathematical dignity, Gauss was still quite young when he began to consider that the ancient Greeks - Euclid in particular - had got it wrong with some of their fundamental axioms in geometry. In particular, he began to have doubts about parallel lines.

It occurred to Gauss that three-dimensional space might be curved in the way that the two-dimensional surface of the earth was. Lines of longitude all meet at the poles. They appear parallel, but they are not.

Noncommutative

~~Noncommutative~~ algebra refers to the possibility that, in mathematics, xy , strange as it may seem, is not always equal to yx . "Rightness" and "leftness" determine chemical properties.

This, plus the second law of thermodynamics, which says that time is a fundamental aspect of space, shows that a purely mechanical (i.e., Newtonian) understanding of the universe has to be incomplete.

Gauss's noncommutative algebra was an early attempt to come to grips with this problem.

Before continuing reading, into chapter 14, a few notes from chapter 8: The Mother Tongue, the Inner Voice, and the Romantic Song, from sections called "An Alternative to CLASSICISM and the original Language of Eden" and "A Change in the Meaning of Individuality".

p192

The Oriental renaissance played a vital role in the origin of the Romantic Movement. It seemed to German scholars of the time, that the Aryan/Indian/Persian tradition linked with the original barbarian invasions of the Roman Empire from the East and, together with the myths of the Scandinavians, provided an alternative (more northerly) tradition to the Greek and Latin Mediterranean classicism that had dominated European life and thought for the previous 2,500 years. Ancestral mythology could be "the childhood dreams of our species". Original Indian scriptures were written in poetry. Poetry was "the mother tongue". Man is the animal that sings.

Heinrich Heine wrote, "Our lyrics are aimed at singing the Orient." The source of all religion can be found "in the unconscious or in the Orient, from whence all religions came."

p 194 Now, Kant's great contribution was to grasp that it is the mind that shapes knowledge, that there is such a process as intuition, which is instinctive, and that the phenomenon in the world that we can be most certain of is the difference between "I" and "not I." Reason is inadequate.

To find out what I must do in a given situation, I must listen to "an inner voice." The inner voice does not conform to science. Its commands are not necessarily facts at all, and, moreover, are not necessarily true or false. The purpose of the inner voice is to set someone a VALUE, and this has nothing to do with science, but is created by the individual. It was a basic shift in the very meaning of individuality and totally new.

* Is this the root of Robert Pirsi's (author of Zen & the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance and Lila) dichotomy of Classical Quality versus Romantic Quality? The artist is no less than the scientist! The artist does not discover, calculate, deduce, as the scientist (or philosopher) does.

* We are still living with the consequences of this revolution, as Pirsi explores in his inquiry into the metaphysics of value (ZMM).

p195

The rival ways of looking at the world - the cool, detached light of disinterested scientific reason, and the red-blooded, passionate creations of the artist - constitute the modern incoherence.

France, ruled by Napoleon, was the bully of Europe, conquering peoples of Austria, Prussia, and several smaller German-speaking states. In response, many German-speaking people turned inward to intellectual ideas as way to unite and inspire their people.

"Romanticism is rooted in torment and unhappiness and, at the end of the 18th century, the German-speaking countries were the most tormented in Europe."

The Rise of the Unconscious

For Schelling (1775-1854) the world consisted of phenomena which varied in their degree of self-consciousness, from total unconsciousness, gradually coming to full consciousness of themselves. At its most fundamental, there are the brute rocks that form the earth, which represent the "will" in a condition of total unconsciousness. Gradually, life infuses them, producing the first biological species. Plants and animals follow, self-consciousness growing, leading to the realization of some kind of purpose.

Nature represents progressive stages of the will and is striving toward something "but is not aware of what it strives for."



back to page 13 - chapter 11... no notes from chapters 12 and 13. Plan: Read chs 14, 15, and 16, then go through each to take notes before proceeding to ch 17 (PHYSICS BECOMES KING)
p. 341

p296

* Gottfried Keller (author of novel, Green Henry) was concerned with the cultural contradictions of capitalism, in particular how the individual could live a fulfilled life in a society where capitalism encouraged so much individualism.

p300

The Radical turmoil that existed in the "hungry forties" (1840's) produced a foretaste of revolution in Germany in 1844, when Silesian weavers mounted an insurrection. "Weaver" is "Weber" in German. I am part Weber on the maternal side, Henry on the paternal side. Reduced to starvation, they were a pitiful group, and their uprising, quickly put down, inspired Heinrich Heine's bitter proletarian poem, "Die schlesischen Weber" (The Silesian Weavers) which would resonate throughout Germany down the century.

I Heinrich Heine was famously ambivalent about his Jewishness. In 1924 he described himself as "one of the most German beasts in existence... my breast is an archive of German feeling." Heine explained the Antisemitism of his day as economic, not religious.

Heine challenges God head-on:

"Drop those holy parables and
Pietist hypotheses:
Answer us these damning questions —
No evasions, if you please."

From his mattress/grave he tells us that poetry
can be no help in this desolate world.
The world has entered the age of prose.

Georg Büchner (1813-1837) died at age 24.
Büchner had always been interested in politics, and
appalled by the conditions of his environs,
helped to form a secret society
dedicated to REVOLUTION. He longed
for the poor to attain self-consciousness. In
his day, the proletariat were not yet a
class. He was forced into exile when
one of his pamphlets was judged too
incendiary.

Woyzeck, based on true events, tells the story
of a common soldier driven mad — and to
suicide — by unyielding military discipline and

strict hierarchal societies where "Man is an abyss; you get dizzy when you look down."

The play, based on the life of J.C. Woyzeck, is a savage indictment of the social conditions then existing in Germany, the new forms of poverty caused by INDUSTRIALIZATION, the "ATOMIZATION" that drives all individuals against each other in a society which ostensibly values individuality, and the fundamental ignorance of most people about the psychological pressures that can exist in simply getting through the day. Buchner was appalled and defeated by the fatalism of the poor.

16. Wagner's Other Ring - Feuerbach, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche

p336 Like Schopenhauer, Nietzsche had a great interest in music - his great pleasures centering on Schumann, Schopenhauer, and solitary walks. He paralleled Wagner in that it was his discovery of Schopenhauer that proved the intellectual turning point of his life.

← The Superman

p 339

The Übermensch would be free to take full advantage of the fact that there is no soul, no God, no transcendental realm, no world other than this. There are no other rewards than the joy of being.

The meaning of life is life.

The will-to-live, to assert one's presence in the world, to sweep aside all obstacles — Nietzsche called this "the will to power." or we can see clearly how this turns Schopenhauer on his head and comprises the radical mutation of the notion of Bildung.

Since the NOUMENAL realm doesn't exist, our "oneness" with it cannot exist either, and therefore our compassion that arises from it, and forms the foundation of morality, cannot exist either. Morality stems from self-interest, and there is absolutely no place for compassion.

p 340

What got between Wagner & Nietzsche? A doctor told Wagner about Nietzsche's CHRONIC MASTURBATION.

IV. THE MISERIES AND MIRACLES OF MODERNITY

23

ch 22: The Pathologies of Nationalism

THE ARYAN MYSTIQUE

p. 429

Finnish call Germans "Saxon"

Niemcy or Swabians to Russians or Poles.

"Germans" to the British

Allemands to the French

Tedeschi to the Italians

Deutsche to the Germans themselves.

Christopher Meiners (1745-1810) - the first to advocate advance the theory that mankind had its origins in Africa, and who saw a sort of progress from orangutans to Negroes, to Slaves, to Germans. But his views were overtaken by The Romantics: "Everything is of Indian origin" and "Germany must be considered the Orient of Europe."

Schopenhauer was sympathetic and it was around this time that the term "Aryan" began to be used, having been originally borrowed from Herodotus to designate Persians or Medes. Direct line from India - "the quintessence of the white human race, the ones capable of 'higher spirituality'."

p. 430

By 1860, the distinction between Aryans and Semites had become accepted right across Europe. The word was used by Darwin and by Nietzsche.

All man derived from the same source.

At around p 600 ch 32 THINKING WITH THE BLOOD (603)
(Husserl, Heidegger, etc!)

Part V: Songs of the Reich

HITLER and The "Spiritualization of the Struggle"

Part VI: BEYOND HITLER:

Continuity of the German Tradition Under Adverse Conditions

ch 39: The "Fourth Reich": The Effect of German Thought On America

p. 722

Herbert Marcuse's remedy was "the great refusal," the "negation" of the reality that technological rationality has foisted on us.

Conclusion: German Genius The Dangers of Inwardness

Max Weber and Friedrich Nietzsche identified the disenchantment of mass-industrialized modern capitalist consumer society. We are surrounded by criminal violence, drug abuse, child abuse, high-school massacres, gangland vendettas, piracy on the high seas, organized prostitution, and sexual slavery. There are more people in prison and mental hospitals than ever before, vandalism is widespread, and alcoholism is rampant.

These are all responses to the NIHILISTIC EXISTENTIAL landscape of modern life, by people who, though they may never have read Nietzsche or Weber, nevertheless experience themselves trapped in an empty, cold, bleak terrain these German speakers identified.

The incoherence of their response is part of the condition. We inhabit a nihilistic world.

The artist who creates from within is the most advanced type of human being.

Kant's instinct and intuition, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche's will, Freud and Jung's "unconscious" are all "inner" entities, inner concepts.

... "a German form of interiority," the opposition of the "authentic private self and an untainted Innerlichkeit versus a ~~superficial~~ superficial, even hypocritical public sphere."

How does one escape from the "inauthentic world of opinions," part of the entertainment industry?

p 841

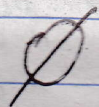
Hannah Arendt said that only educated people can have a private life. People without a private life soon become a mob, where everything that seems to matter takes place on the streets.

p 847

We don't have bodies. We are bodies. This is a Heideggerian distinction. The way we choose to go forward in understanding reality is a philosophical matter, not a scientific-psychiatric-technical one. I want to challenge this utopian "Venus Project".

As global warming starts to lay waste our planet, as the rain forests and ice caps shrink together, as inland seas disappear, as genocide and famine continue to ravage Africa, as India and China begin to run out of water, does it not ring even more true that Heidegger had a profound point when he said we should stop trying to exploit and control the world with our technological brilliance?

The way out of our dilemma, the Germans tell us, is not technical or scientific, but philosophical.



THINKERS to explore: Thomas Metzinger,
Peter Wessel Zapffe, Philipp Mainländer

Edgar Saltus: Philosophy of Disenchantment (1885)
The Anatomy of Negation (1886)

Metzinger: Being No One (2004) 699 pages
The Ego Tunnel: The Science of the Mind
and The Myth of the Self (2009)

$\{ 1 \}$

$\{ \{ \}, \{ \{ \{ \} \} \} \rightarrow \{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \}$

The Ontological Schema of the Two [THE 2]



14 October 2012 Sunday

Dream Recall: I am on a beach eating a submarine sandwich I had found. After finishing one half and biting around the edges of the second half, the woman who had left it there came back for it. I apologized and offered her the half I had bitten around. She said I could keep it.

I told her I would pay for it but had no money.

In another dream I am on a train.

At some point it seems to have turned into a plane. Someone had given me a hand gun. I slipped it into my pocket. When I got off the plane, it seemed to have become a train again.

I hid the gun in my boot.

Then, for some reason B's Mom was in jail... I was with Bri...

I will backtrack through my last two journals to see exactly when I've been to court so as to be able to suggest with confidence that the matter be dismissed.

1. I was at FBMC August 28th for the ~~S 2012 170 Resisting~~ ^{BOGUS LITTER charge.} ~~S 2012 171 Disorderly~~ at this time I plead NOT GUILTY. The "trial" was scheduled for September 25th (SC 2012 8392)
2. On September 11th, at FBMC, I plead NOT GUILTY to charges resisting arrest (S 2012 170) and disorderly conduct (~~S 2012 171~~) Trial scheduled for October 2nd
3. On Sept 25th, the litter matter was adjourned as officer did not show up [strike 1]. Rescheduled for October 9th. (second appearance)
4. On Oct 2nd, at FBMC, the officer OTLOWSKI did not show. court rescheduled for Oct 16th [SECOND APPEARANCE] (STRIKE 1)
5. On Oct 9th, at FBMC, the officer did not show up for "8392". This was the second no show. [strike 2]

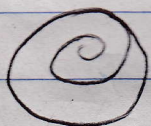
∴ This coming Tuesday, October 16th, all matters will be on the docket.

1. S 2012 170 and 171 → Second appearance
2. S 12 8392 → Third Appearance (should be thrown out)

I will type this up using The Mother's computer. I'll be printing it out to bring with me to court. I will also type straight-forward defence for both. I'm on the case!

Ø

Besides typing up my notes for court, I will most likely go over notes from the last volume of my "records" while I continue my second reading of The Ligetti Manifesto.



15 October 2012 Monday

Yesterday I took a ride with Mom out to Mandeloping. I sat by the bay reading my previous notebook while she was in Mass. Then, we walked along the ocean (after devouring ham sandwiches). When we returned, I heated up a can of Black Eye Peas with a whole onion and some chopped up garlic and a slice of ham. Mom cooked a whole 7 pound ham, with baked yams and spinach. Delicious.

I was quite content to drink coffee and had no inclination to drink alcohol. I started to type some notes from The German Genius and changed my screen to "xentric".

I am more and more at ease with this SSI/D lifestyle - a living Ignatius Reilly / Martin Dean in the flesh.

Gibby called from Pennsylvania. We spoke for a long time. His birthday was yesterday. He still has plans to find property where I can live in a wint/studio apartment above a barn.



35

17 October 2012 Wed.

I am out of it today. The trip into Freehold was costly. I \$500.⁰⁰ fine for disorderly conduct (hitting automobiles with fists?) Also 30 + 5 + 5 + 5 + ~~25~~ + \$20 (leftover) ~~4 (gumming)~~ = 65
not used bus food fuel

I got very drunk and didn't make the second bwp. I really tried to find the Ocean County Park in Lakewood, but to no avail. Mom drove to get me at CVS on Ocean Ave at around 1AM. She was not happy with this. I fought off depression this morning with trucks such as hot tub, I coffee, ham & fried eggs.

A walk to the store taking on a spleen as an LEO drove passed. Cool ass, Bad ass, Crazy Mike. Do I have regrets about how everything went down in court? Kind of, but there were some redeeming "moments". Seeing Gibray's sister. Gibray is a brother to me. I really do have this aching love for so many people in Freehold. I think I am winning hearts and minds. Can this be possible or am I delusional?

I can't find an apartment in the Brick area. Around in circles, no one returns my calls. Is there some kind of "blacklist"? That officer Otlowski was not so mean, after all. The resisting arrest charge was dropped, and I confessed to being disorderly on Main Street. \$500 fine. \$100 to Freehold Boro each month starting in November. What do I live for?

To fart around. I exist as an observer, and I am clearly at odds with my own species. We are a thing that should not be. Like my great Teacher, Arthur Schopenhauer, I will spend my life contemplating upon the absurdity of our predicament. I will be an asshole. I do not have to be liked. If I am to be another Ignatius Reilly or Martin Dean, what is it I even would do any differently? Well, both Ignatius and Martin are fictional characters (invented by the imaginations of Toole and Toltz, respectively).

I may be viewed as comical by some police in Freehold Boro, in Asbury Park, and even out in Federal Way, Washington. But I know I am not a joke. I can feel the love from the people. There are descendants of Aztecs and Mayans and Incas and Apaches and Pueblos who may behold me as a mad prophet, like Hermann Hesse.

At least I am not one of these small-rats.

At least my life has been one of protest where I filter out the stupidity around me.

I have lived in such a way as to not attract any women.

My philosophical observations are of the sort that get one kicked out of bed. People eat and fuck. That's all. There is nothing special about this process.

I want to mock our arrogant species.

Doesn't this imply an ability to mock oneself?

I am not sure if this is the case. The proof that I am in my own orbit with my own worldview is in my way of life, where I have somehow removed myself from "mainstream Amerika".

I am not trying to participate. SELF-OBSERVATION is what this comes down to: phenomenology, psychology, philosophy. I have been on a path since I was a teenager, and I have written extensively about my experiences.

I am, as the prosecutor of Freehold Boro even acknowledges, WICKEDLY COGNIZANT. There is no denying the force of my intellect.

Any peace of mind I possess I have acquired in spite of the medical-industrial complex, not because of it.

I am proudly non-compliant. I possess a certain confidence in my own thinking process which enables me to boldly challenge the "household mantras" such as, "everything happens for a reason," "the show must go on," "accept the things you cannot change," and all the other slogans that get people to "keep their chins up."

I have openly admitted my refusal to give myself over to these "programs."

Ligotti: "The singular motif of the pessimistic imagination that Schopenhauer made discernible: Behind the scenes of life there is something pernicious that makes a nightmare of our world."

Next month I may purchase the \$20 collection of stories by H.P. Lovecraft. In conceiving Azathoth, that "nuclear chaos" which "bubbles at the center of infinity," Lovecraft might well have been thinking of Schopenhauer's Will. Whether I find an apartment or not would greatly effect my scholarly activities. Today I may continue typing my notes from The German Genius.

Ø

I finished typing notes from The Hermap Honius onto my blog, and I sent out a few more requests looking for a residence. Seven weeks since I vacated residence on Marcy Street, and no luck at all finding a place. Surely I will have to apply for a 30-day extension from November 23rd to just a week before "Christmas". By January, 2013, I will either have a residence or I may be homeless in Downtown Freehold.

I have some change for a little drink, but I may just drink coffee and meditate upon ^{the} Ligotti Manifesto. I will try to take notes and add commentary.

From the chapter, "The Nightmare of Being," Thomas Ligotti quotes remarks made by H.P. Lovecraft in a letter to Edwin Sarside, the first editor of Weird Tales.

Lovecraft penned some remarks that express a univocal stand by a pessimist who is estranged from all solace known to ordinary folk.

"Popular authors do not and apparently cannot appreciate the fact that true art is obtainable

only by rejecting normality and conventionality in toto, and approaching a theme purged utterly of any usual or preconceived point of view." "Only a cynic can create horror - for behind every masterpiece of the sort must reside a driving demonic force that despises the human race and its illusions, and longs to pull them to pieces and mock them."

Ø

I got through the day by not being too concerned about the lack of responses I've received from my inquiries about apartments. As I have clearly opted out of the human race, my existence is a biological hoax. Without any desire to replicate, I can satisfy my sex instinct autoerotically as Nietzsche did. While I certainly fantasize about specific women, I understand the disturbance that emotional entanglements entail. When I reflect upon the violent environments of the inner cities, I wonder why more people choose not to reproduce. I also find religious people difficult to endure. There seems to be no way to get through this existence except to reflect upon its utter futility.

Has everything I could say about our predicament already been said?

What is there to do but eat, drink water, relax with some hot tea? Lazy days. Why not? Who do I have to impress once I have acknowledged the absurdity of having been born?

At this point, I just want to minimize the horror, appreciate the bond I have with the one who birthed me. I am trapped with everything else. At least I understand that there is nothing to be had in this world, and that it always comes down to water, food, clothing, shelter, and some kind of temporary security or safety from harm.

Ø

Sleep. Go back to sleep... Number Six and crazy squirrel think I should work on an e-book explaining our philosophy - instead of a blog, instead of running a forum.

Who would I read it?

Even I don't have much patience for sitting in front of the computer anymore.

What kind of literary work am I capable of?
 I have withered & how poorly a philosophical
 thinker is received by the mob. I have
 reached a point where I want to be able to
 think honestly and become liberated from the
 opinions of the mob.

Who the hell am I trying to reach out
 to? Does anything even matter? When this
 animal body sleeps, I merge with the primordial.
 We all do. Rather than being a writer who
 tries to entertain or presume I have answers
 and solutions, I prefer being a writer who
 asks subversive questions.

I presume that the death of my animal
 body will be like sleep. That this body
 will cease breathing, that my bones
 will rot in the earth, is an undeniable
 fact. In the meantime, we try not to be
 overwhelmed by our fears, insecurities,
 and frustrations.

Have I finally reached a point where
 I just don't care? Do I just want to
 hide? Is anything even necessary?

2012.10.20

51

Yes. I will not return to Tent City. I ~~would~~ would go to Freehold and set up my tent. This would be a disaster, but it would hurt my mother as much, if not more, than it would hurt me.

Without my mother's support, I am in a tent in the woods in Freehold with officer Heely questioning me about where I live. Without my mother's support, there is nowhere to keep my "notebooks". Will I stop writing?

No, but I won't be able to "have" and "carry" what I do write. My notebooks have become an anchor.

I don't want to argue with my mother.

I just want to work on my "projects".

Without a residence, all my projects collapse and are left "as is". What would my mother and I do without each other? I do need her support right now, and yet her demand that I abstain from imbibing alcohol is impractical. I am having a difficult time finding an apartment.

How does this end? I wish I could just sleep and forget these troubles.

Ø

My mother does not say "Good morning" to me this morning. I fear she will make some rash decision, forcing me to live homeless in Freehold Boro, in which case I would not be able to save for security deposit and would lose rental assistance.

This would also hurt my mother as she would have nobody to help her. It could all be enough to make me so unstable that I might become suicidal. I would lose my reason for staying alive.

Surely Toole experienced a similar dead end. It may be best just not to speak about this until my mother confronts me. Why can't she just give me a break?

I reject Alcoholics Anonymous. I don't want any "programs" forced on me just because I am penniless and disenfranchised. Even were my mother to "kick me out" of her home, would I be able to keep my head together and secure a residence? It doesn't make sense

for us to abandon each other. Why does AA pit family members against one another? Is it some kind of GUILT? Why do the courts coerce individuals into "treatment"? Even natives on reservations are coerced by the women and the police to enter treatment to "get off booze and weed".

And for what? To become "employees" who pay car payments each month? What the fuck is it all for? John Trudell said that the Drunken Indians inspired the American Indian Movement because they refused to be what the system demanded of them, and they were not permitted to be who they were, so they chose to be NOTHING. They chose just to DO THEIR TIME.

Will I be forced to abandon my writing and just live on a bench in Monmouth Battlefield State Park? Does it matter whether I die today or in 20 years? This would have an impact on my mother's life. Maybe I ought to escape via sleep.

(C)

I laid on the floor and slept a couple more hours. I dreamt ~~that~~^{of} my mother ~~was~~ she was on her way to court. We were in some strange apartment complex. There had been a misunderstanding where she was being accused of shoplifting, but she only I accidentally forgot to pay for an item.

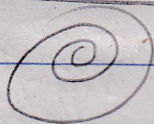
I was to go with her, but she left without me. I went running to get to her car but she was gone. I woke up while (in the dream) yelling, "Mom!"

When I rose Mom scolded me about having her cat outside on my lap. She had locked me out of the apartment last night because I was intoxicated on a pint of David's Vodka, and the cat was out on the porch. Well, when she saw me with the cat outside on my lap, she let me in!

Now she wants me to find an apartment by November, and I agree. I have to be on my own. It is impossible for me to be so well-behaved. I'm a bad boy, a sinning philosopher, Busted, disgusted, & not to be trusted.

Σ 2 Σ

FACING THE NIGHTMARE OF BEING



21 October 2012 Sunday

Bertrand Russell claimed that writing a diary was a marked practice. Perhaps it is. How else does one filter out the constant stupidity we are bombarded with?

People want to be comforted and pacified. Religion is for the masses, philosophy is for the few.

It is said that Adolf Hitler could recite off passages of Schopenhauer's philosophy like a priest reciting a creed.

How can personalities as different as Hitler and I both be drawn to the same philosophy? Hitler chose to use his obscure knowledge to manipulate the masses in his struggle for power and dominance.

Myself, I prefer to stay on the sidelines as a detached observer. I am no militarist.

Why did James Quirk refer to me as "our fearless leader"? At CPC in Aberdeen someone also referred to me as their leader, one who would stand up and face down the career-oriented "technicians" collecting a salary to make car payments. Their job, to fuck up our minds.

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This idea of writing as a form of self-entertainment; isn't this what Schopenhauer was doing all his life, even though he went ahead and published his The World As Will & Representation with his own "inheritance"?

To face the pointlessness of existence with courage, and to devote one's energies to reflecting on our predicament must provide some kind of dignity. Why should literature fit some kind of mold or genre?

Letters and diaries may very well be the most authentic literature there is.

Whoever runs the publishing companies has to consider the masses. Evidently my

kind of writing is not suitable for mass consumption. People come into my life

and I write about it... We speak, we leave impressions on one another. How can I regret ~~the~~ having interacted and conversed with the characters referred to as "the streets"?

Why is it problematic for me to live in Freehold? Too many people know me? I am not motivated to sue the officer who chased me into a pole. I was drunk. I ran into the pole because I was spooked.

The name of this philosophical novel could be called The Tip of the Iceberg or The Tip of An Iceberg. It could be about Henry's reluctance to produce a philosophical treatise. It would include factual misadventures disguised as fiction (based on a true story).

Opening scene: Henry and Anne playing "doctor"?
No. That's too Racy!

How about Henry confessing to being a deadbeat goof-off - a shameless layabout who once was a ~~con~~ conscientious employee (state slave). It will be a totally autobiographical novel belonging to the genre Dark Satire (Black Comedy).

A novel of ideas, a philosophical autobiography disguised as a comedy.

"My name is Henry Heinrich, and while I haven't always recognized myself as a deadbeat layabout, I have come to the conclusion that this is precisely what I am. I confess this shamelessly. I've never, nor have I ever aspired to, serve in the military as a soldier, and quite often I have needed my mommy. Her life deserves a ~~book~~ whole book of its own."



22 October 2012 "Monday"

What is time? We have spatialized time itself. It is gradually dawning on me why my reachant efforts have been, and continue to be, ignored.

It is written right in Thomas Ligotti's "manifesto" that which supports the illusions of the masses draws the crowds (God, country, sports, humanistic fantasies) whereas that which focuses on the reality of our predicament is ignored. This is why everybody knows about Jesus and Allah, while nobody cares to know about Arthur Schopenhauer.

It is a sign of merit to be ignored.

"Panglossian falsehoods convene the crowd;
discouraging truths disperse it."

This is a good reason NOT to publish. In mass-industrial society, with the Internet, I am better off with an ebook. People want something uplifting. The masses will condemn that which depresses them! As Ligotti writes, "They will trust in the deity of the Old Testament, an incontinent dotard who soiled Himself and the universe with His corruption, a low-budget divinity passing itself off as the genuine article. (Ask the Drnostics.)"

They trust in Jesus Christ, a historical cipher stitched together like Frankenstein's monster out of parts robbed from the graves of messiahs dead and buried - a savior on a stick. They trust in the virgin pimping Allah and his Drum Major Mohammed, a prophet & come lately who pioneered a new genus of humbuggery for an emerging market of believers that was not being adequately served by existing religious products. They trust in anything that authenticates their importance as persons, tribes, societies, and particularly as a species that will endure in this world and perhaps in an afterworld that may be uncertain in its reality and unclear in its layout, but which satiates their craving for values NOT OF THIS EARTH, - that depressing, meaningless place their consciousness must sidestep every day."

The "footnote" Ligotti leaves (actually the Notes have their own section at the end of the text) is quite liberating. I will transcribe it in full so as to remind myself NOT to argue with believers. This is a triumph for me, ^{NOT} a small victory over those who would rob me of my hard won LIBERATION FROM RELIGION.

Note about "The Book of Job" from the Talmud.

(Evidently, it is not just the orthodox Hassidim who are preoccupied with scholarly activities. I, too, live a humble life devoted to philosophical research, the huge difference being that I am an INDEPENDENT THINKER, I am APOLITICAL, NON-RELIGIOUS SCHOLAR - a non-academic intellectual whose sole motivation is to understand our "life world.")

Ligotti: "Take the Book of Job. Were its protagonist an actual man and not a lesson in fearful obeisance, the Old Testament might contain a symphony of rancor greater than any this world had known. But Job, I turns legalistic rather than abusive; he wants to ARGUE why he should be spared his hellish trials. No good can come of that. Any argument can go on interminably... or until one party gives in, which is what Job does because God will not argue with him and, being almighty, can say and do whatever he likes without question. One thing that Job's tale has conferred upon worshippers down through the ages is a

compulsory workout in rationalization known as THEODICY - a genre of Christian apologetics that endeavors to square an all-knowing, all-powerful, and all-loving god with the evils of existence. Pace Chesterton, reconciling a good Creator with a bad creation makes for a problem that believers cannot solve with or without logic. And anyone who believes this problem will go away will believe anything."

Back (from NOTES) to the main text, Ligotti continues: "Sure enough, then, writers such as Zappfe, Schopenhauer, and Lovecraft only wrote their ticket to marginality when they failed to affirm the worth and wonder of humanity, the validity of its values (whether eternal or provisional) and, naturally, a world without a foreseeable end, or at least a world whose end no one wants to see."

Note: Buddhism is pessimism.

Ø

After noon I slept ^{until} nearly 5PM... on the floor, on a blanket, snuggled with a shirt my mom threw over me. I awaken groggy in need of coffee. I smoke a cigarette in the rain reflecting on Bukowski's lifestyle. He sure did get a laid a lot. It is difficult for some yuppie in a Mercedes Benz to identify with such a character, I'm sure.

I am looking for a more universal theme, one that crosses all barriers of social status, so I put Factotum aside and prepare to check out H.P. Lovecraft.

Ø

Supposedly the hurricane "Sandy" heading towards New Jersey will be the worst storm system in the recorded history of the state. It is what it is. Imagine the people trapped at the Tent City when the heavy winds come through tonight!

We are bones and flesh, chemicals and physiological processes. I am tired of the personas draped over us with value-judgments such as annual income, ward-robes, the cars we drive (or do not drive).

Meanwhile, this Doctor Faustus Phenomenon researches weird fiction for clues.

NECRONOMICON

author: Mad Arab Abdul Alhazred quoted in The Necronomicon
City (1922) not in anthology. Shows the means
 I for summoning "The Old Ones".

Cthulhu Mythos of HP Lovecraft
 (also look for The Dresden Files by Jim Butcher c. 2000)

FIC BUTC

Brick library has Side Jobs: stories from the Dresden Files
 c. 2010

Changes: A novel of the Dresden files c. 2010

Blood Rites: a novel of the Dresden files c. 2004

Brick library has several of Butcher's novels, if that
 is the direction I am moving.

The Old Ones mentioned in The Call of Cthulhu;
 also in "The Dunwich Horror" (After God Yog Sothoth);
The Shadow of Innsmouth. These three are all
 in the anthology I have.
 In At the Mountains of Madness, the Old Ones
 was another name for a fictional alien species,
 the Elder Things

Also of interest: 813.09 Sali

JD Salinger's The catcher in the rye

"The Horror At Red Hook"

"The idea that BLACK MAGIC exists in secret today, or that hellish antique rites still exist in obscurity, is one that I have used and will use again."

"gangs of young loafers and herds of evil looking foreigners" (Lovecraft) see in New York

(see story "He") - Lovecraft, like me, does not care for New York City.

Lovecraft had xenophobic attitudes.

"Whenever ~~he~~ we found ourselves in the racially mixed crowds of which characterize New York, Howard would become livid with rage."

"He seemed almost to lose his mind."

And so, rather than go through the anthology in the order it is laid out, I will approach the stories according to what interests me. I am surely going to order some kind of text next month. I'm just not sure HOW OBSCURE the text will be.

STORIES TO INVESTIGATE FIRST: "He", "The Call of Cthulhu", "The Dunwich Horror", "At the Mountains of Madness", "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"

Also, the rather lengthy story published after Lovecraft's death: "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" contains the first mention of the Cthulhu Mythos entity Yog Sothoth, who appears repeatedly as an element in an incantation.

Joseph Curwen is the owner of a copy of the Necronomicon... Did this come from Lovecraft's imagination? Do I have a recent ~~ance~~ ancestor who I am connected to in a similar way?

[This hurricane approaching is supposedly ~~the~~ not only the worst storm to hit New Jersey, but the worst storm to hit the United States EVER, and it is heading right toward our area (Long Beach Island, Asbury Park, New York City).

I have written and spoken a great deal about hurricanes and Old Gods. Isn't it odd that this storm hits during a full moon AND around Halloween?

Those who do not evacuate when ordered to will be sent to jail. Marshal law? One ought to take note of how instantaneously the state uses natural disasters as a pretext for tyrannical measures.]

I am wondering what kind of messages are hidden in the 7 following stories by HP Lovecraft:

- The Horror of Red Hook
- He
- The Call of Cthulhu
- The Case of Charles Dexter Ward
- The Dunwich Horror
- At the Mountains of Madness
- The Shadow Over Innsmouth

I will read late into the night until I fall off.
There is a good chance Mon's home will be without power tomorrow and even after that.
Is Doctor Faustus safe from the Old Gods he's summoned?

Ø

Irony. I want to tell future readers of these rants how relieved I am having finally decided I will not concern myself with publishing my observations. I have no desire to address an audience, no desire to entertain or perform for "mainstream" society. I am off the hook, liberated from any notions of duty! For the rest of my days I have no problem being a dead beat loafer.

There are those who call this a SIN - saying I am WASTING MY POTENTIAL. I say that this is my life to waste if I please!

Ø

It was so indescribably pleasant curling up with blanket and pillow reading Lovecraft's "The Call of Cthulhu" until I just fell asleep. As soon as I awoke, I put on coffee and heated up the Tortellini soup Mom had prepared in the middle of the night (3AM).

How uncanny to be reading weird horror stories during this dangerous storm. I am just glad to be indoors with my mother and not stuck in a shelter. Plenty of tobacco! I see too clearly into the nature of the Will - I want to come up with a term for Schopenhauer's Will-to-Live. THE DEVIL

This will is universal ... it is within all life forms across species. Coming up with a name for it does not seem even necessary.

[I really am getting into Lovecraft's "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" especially with 70 mile per hour winds ~~blowing~~ howling outside and lights flickering.

"... he suddenly turned from the study of the past to the study of the occult, and refused to qualify for college on the ground that he had individual researches of much greater importance to make."]

With nearly 200,000 homes without power right now, I wonder how long before we lose power. I just baked 4 large potatoes so Mom and I can have potato salad should we lose power. Last call for coffee? Even as it is 10PM, I think I will drink instant coffee. What a relief to actually be "INTO" a book! Ligotti led me to Lovecraft. Diamosok led me to Ligotti.

Do I really want to confront Anne on the Internet about her attitude against literature, her accusations that the books I enjoy are male-centric?

Maybe I will just let it rest.
I suggested we work on a book together. That might ease the tension.

This little area where my mother lives was very fortunate. The entire east coast was hit, New Jersey and New York having been hit the hardest as it was in the eye of the storm. Monmouth and Ocean Counties were hit the very hardest, and yet the Brick area has escaped the devastation. Houses were ripped from their foundations, sitting on route 35. Roller coasters in the ocean. It's a new day in Dirty Jersey.

The most intelligent ingenious thing I could do, after lunch and a short walk around the block with my mother, is to curl up with a blanket and pillow on the floor and sleep. I like reading Lovecraft, but I enjoy even more than that, writing my own thoughts.

Ø

[The automatic writing I have been involved in my entire life - well, since I was 12 or so, has helped to develop this VOICE. This VOICE will not "ask permission" to think. This VOICE refuses to ask whether a thought is permitted. I don't need anyone looking over my shoulder criticizing me. From now on I want to once again become a VESSEL for ABRAXAS.]

As fragile as this medium is, why should I concern myself with "preserving" these veiled thoughts? For posterity? For someone else's amusement or entertainment? In this age of electronic media, with blogs, message boards, Facebook, Twitter, etc, when narcissism ~~has~~ rules the consciousness of the multitude, when a majority of the population is more impressed with their automobiles than anything I might verbalize, these "secret notebooks" really shine for me. It is where I can find out what I really think about others and what they say or write. I've never been too concerned with the image I appear to be in other people's consciousness anyway.

[And so, automatic writing it is. Do I dare look at how I really feel vs opposed to how I think I "ought to feel"?] I have had ~~my~~ full of "reach out efforts". Maybe I'll encourage Anne to express herself honestly as well.

Now Anne is "attack mode". The dialogue is worth noting, I think. It is part of this "confederacy of dunces" story I am living. Lovecraft just can't compete. Anne may have issue with "black people". She is in attack mode. I don't need her as a friend or an ally. I'll disable the website if she continues to pester me with these annoying complaints. She's insulted by my worldview. Of course she is. She's known me since THE GORTBUSTERS YEARS. She is the last to abandon me?

I wrote, "Now, if someone already has it in their mind that they are going to just be against me for whatever reason - the color of my eyes, the ethnicity of my ancestors, the fact that I have two little testicles, then I have no control over this. Right or wrong, it is what it is."

My secret notes are really shining for me now.
My automatic writings help me find out how
I really feel, what I really think.

[Writing in this notebook has added an inner dimension
to my life, a private realm where there is no
authority on what I think but me.]

I am being honest with myself when I see clearly
that I resent Anne trying to bully me
the same way James Amis did with those
"ultimatums". I'm losing patience with
communicating on the Internet. I am seriously
considering shutting down the site.

For all Anne knows, I may have serious
resentments against women, especially those women
working in all the fucking banks.
For all I know, Anne might be
a total racist who hates me for loving
Shelonda Morton! Let's do some serious
thinking. I am documenting my gradual growing
disgust with this "reach out effort". Futility?
"I have no desire to write like ^{an} HP Lovecraft or

even a Hermann Hesse. While I enjoy reading their works, I prefer just to come out with it. Why go through the motions of entertaining people with a story? I am the protagonist living a life.

This is the story. It may be entertaining or amusing to others, even to myself; but I feel no pressure to create art out of it. My writing is more like "communication with a parallel universe."

"It's writing madness. It's brain shit, mental noise ... I can't help but recall the introduction to Dostoyevsky's Underground Man [yikes! not another white man!]

«« I wish to declare once and for all that if I write as though I were addressing readers, that is simply because it is easier for me to write in that form. It is a form, any empty form -- I shall never have readers. I have made this plain already...

I don't wish to be hampered by any restrictions in the compilation of my notes. I shall not attempt any system or method. I will jot things down as I remember them.

Again, what is my object precisely in writing?
If it is not for the benefit of the public
why should I not simply recall these
incidents in my own mind without
putting them on paper?

Quite so; but yet it is more imposing on
paper. There is something more impressive
in it; I shall be better able to criticise
myself and improve my style. Besides,
I shall perhaps obtain actual
relief from writing."

Then Anne Pold puts me on the spot, almost as
if to perhaps push me over the edge;
maybe she wants me to disable the
website.

When I churned out an awesome response, the
website jammed. I really don't know what
to think anymore. Is crazy squirrel some
kind of mole? What the fuck is
going on? She tracks my address. She
tries to discourage me from posting.
I WANT TO TRUST HER.

During our little public argument, which could have come right out of a scene in a novel, like when Ignatius Reilly argues back and forth with a woman via 5 letters, I came out with, "I love you."

Like ... Do I know what love is? I said I see love as, not just accepting someone with their quirks, but actually I being genuinely attracted to those quirks. I think I defused it, but she definitely was not able to rile me up or fill me with doubt. I have a powerful intellect.

"I want to be an ass. I really NEEDED to become more of an ass. My kindness is too often mistaken for weakness. If your goal is to inspire me to disable this message board, you most likely will not succeed. It tells some people when someone has the courage to stand alone."

I really am allowing myself to become a character. Maybe Anne and I are accidentally writing/living the classic novel of dark comedy.

"If you want me to be an ass, I can just let the little demons in my head do the typing. 🖊"

I may take some notes from my post from "Writing a novel for the fuck of it". Anne and I are real characters. How entertaining it must be for others to witness our frustrations. Is there a sexual tension between us? What about ^{my} ~~our~~ paranoia? I mean, I sometimes think Anne and "Living in Darkness" would converse about my investigations into the Planar Theory. Maybe Anne is peeved about my intimacy with Shalonda. Maybe her woman's intuition sensed my renewed "warm feelings" for Shalonda, a woman, yes ... to Anne, this may be what she means by me not being honest with her at all.

This is my revenge, contemplating... My revenge is not being cruel, but in finding relief, in stubbornly refusing to have my personal balance thrown off by another person's miserable uprisings.

I may not believe in "God", but I know what "God don't like ugly" means. Anne has gotten ugly with me before. Talk about complexes! Talk about demonic possession.

So, I admit publically to Anne, that I sometimes am self-defensive. If I get one more toothache, I might confess suicidal ideations; and it WILL be the toothache that drives me to end the absurdity of suffering this life.

Anyway, I ask her if she thinks what we moderns call "complexes" are what the ancients called "demons".

"Well, I have a legion of these."

"This project seems to be finished, but perhaps it has just begun. I mean, this website is just the tip of the iceberg. I see how the miserable fuckers enticed 'The Sponging' to bail out of gothbusters. People would tell him to get a life."

"Now, I know you did not care for my investigations into Melanin Theory, Frances Cress Welsing, The Isis Papers, ... That was just too much to even think about. I know. It can be very heavy. I let it go. I even tried to create a woman's caucus here. It aint happening. Women have their own caucus. They don't need me."

"You don't need me crazy squirrel."

"Does it make any sense to even keep this message board up? You once suggested I give it up. Does it bother you that much to witness me having conversations with myself, I mean, between I xhentric and Henry? If you want me to be an ass, I can just let the little demons in my head do the typing."

"I have been your ally here. OK, so you are not alienating me because I am male... agreed. There is something deeper going on here. You are frustrated. I am frustrated too. You want to take it out on me, someone who has gone out of his way to defend your right to express ~~yourself~~ how you truly feel?"

Anne said ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

I say "Actions are over-rated." In fact, interpersonal relationships and friendships are over-rated, too.

The most important realizations we have happen in solitude, between our own ears, in contemplation."

She says, WHO THE HELL ARE YOU STILL TRYING TO REACH? GIVE IT UP, MAN, THERE'S NO ONE OUT THERE!

"Who am I still trying to reach? Nobody. I am trying to reach nobody, ok? I am expressing myself. This post gets longer each time I read it because I add to it as I reread. Yikes, I've been encouraged time and time again to keep it up, to continue to forge ahead doing what I'm doing because people do not appreciate what I do until you stop doing it. I am reaching something within me, maybe it's within you too. It doesn't matter that there is a sizeable amount of iterating out there already. I felt that what I had to say, and what others have said, including yourself, were worth saying."

"If a tidal wave were to drown us this year, if all this going back and forth only got us to stop and think, then it was worth the trouble. Do your own thing."

"That's all we can do. Cut your own path.
My nephew and I were the closest of friends
at one time. Now he is on this personal
mission ~~where~~ to save the rain forests in South
America. I am not going to discourage him,
but neither am I going to be inspired to
join him. I don't have that kind of
idealism anymore. I'm more in HIDE IN A
CORNER CURLED IN A BLANKET mode.
Is he disappointed in me? It doesn't
matter. I'm not up for any adventures.
Just staying dry, eating food, finding
drinkable water, and keeping out
of jail is an adventure enough.

"I will say that I love you and you can't
stop me from doing this. By I know
what love is? I think it has to do
with not just accepting someone with their
"quirks," but actually being attracted to those
so-called quirks. Am I playing a
game? I don't think so. I
find your attitude to be terrible (in a good way).

" If you want to end our friendship just because of my stupidity or my total inability to "get your point," then I have no control over this. I wish you would reconsider.

" Note that I also 'love' this fictional character, Ignatius Reilly, maybe especially because he was a total ^{ass}, an opinionated deadbeat at war with the modern world. I would want to be your ally in our war against this stupid consumerist culture. Maybe we can't be 'friends' due to our temperaments, but I don't want to be your enemy. You are definitely not my enemy, crazy squirrel. I like you.

Anne had written, THAT'S THE PROBLEM WE'RE HAVING. YOU'RE NOT BEING HONEST WITH ME AT ALL.

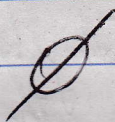
" This does not compute. Do you think I might be becoming a little apathetic and indifferent? I mean, all things considered. The floods, the dependency on grocery stores, problems with landlords,

neighbors, police, my brothers and sisters
all suffering & all bickering at one
another. I just keep on going,
but sooner or later my luck will run
out, and this is just a memory. I
don't want to upset you any more
than this being alive has got you
upset already. The things I write in
my notebooks are for me to discover
what I really feel. Sometimes I
don't even know how I feel, and I
don't want to just respond in a knee-
jerk manner when interacting with other
'sensitives'.

"I am not trying to insult you when I say
you are sensitive, by the way.
I am also sensitive, even as I try
to be somewhat laid back or happy-go-
lucky. It doesn't always pan out
that way. I react defensively when put
on the spot. You don't have to
continue to interact with me, and
even though I would miss your presence were

you to vanish, I am afraid, I will carry on like I have done before. Likewise, you will carry on without me too, of course.

"It seems as though those of us who do a lot of serious thinking tend to lock horns - an awful lot. We are all a bunch of characters in this respect, so it really shouldn't surprise any of us. Somebody once said (in this forum or whynot) that trying to organize us is like trying to organize a pack of wild cats. Maybe I'm just kidding. It's a possibility. Think about it. Cut me a little slack"



My phone rings ... a 206 number ... Seattle. I let my nephew leave a message. I sensed drama. I am tired. He left a message. He and Robin arguing a great deal, suffering from the flu? RADIATION POISONING? Tomorrow I'll call.

1 [I was studying the occult.

Charles Dexter Ward (Lovecraft)

"He had, he said, important special investigations to make, which would provide him with more avenues toward knowledge and the humanities than any university which the world could boast."

"Naturally, only one who had always been more or less studious, eccentric, and solitary could have pursued this course for many days without attracting notice. Ward, however, was constitutionally a scholar and a hermit; hence his parents were less surprised than regretful at the close confinement and secrecy he adopted."

"During October Ward began visiting the libraries again, but no longer for the antiquarian matter of his former days. Witchcraft and magic, occultism and demonology, were what he sought now."

I find it strange that the Ocean County Library has nothing by David Hume. This makes me quite suspicious. Will I have to purchase this? Meanwhile, people die from fallen trees.

Ø

I am most content when involved in scholarly research.
I find it rather peculiar that, when searching for
John Brunner's The Sheep Look Up, I notice several
libraries in Ocean County do not have a copy but
have it "ON ORDER". From 1970's republished in 2003.

Nothing by Edmund Husserl!

Nothing by Merleau-Ponty!

Not one book on phenomenology!

I have these works in storage at where my
brother-in-law works; a church attic of all places.

Strange coincidences are occurring that make me
pause. The Jersey Shore is gone. I mean,
all the boardwalks are demolished.

Ø

Major breakthrough, but I will not be able to
purchase the text: by Penelope Lefau-Blake
c. 2001

Schopenhauer, Women's Literature and the Legacy
of Pessimism in the Novels of George Eliot,
Olive Schreiner, Virginia Woolf, and
Doris Lessing

It is way too expensive

Challenging a canonical definition of Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860) as an inveterate misogynist and therefore of limited relevance to women's studies, Penelope LeFevre Blake argues that misogynist or not, he was unflinching sensitive to the presence of women in his life. She identifies the influence of his thinking about will on writing by several women.

[All the devastation which took place this past week from the natural disasters has got to have altered people's perceptions as far as climate change goes. The wealthy who have properties along the Jersey Shore were certainly not spared. Maybe there will be a change of heart as people lost so many material possessions and sense of security.

We have witnessed Natural Power and its cosmic indifference to ostentatious consumption. I can't deny my sense of poetic justice. Here, I am very concerned about being unable to find an apartment with rental assistance while many people are living in shelters who are not used to this lifestyle. How to keep up the facade?]

Ø

[If 2,700,000 ^{"UNITS"} ~~people~~ in New Jersey (this is not including the people of New York) lost "power" Monday, and 1,000,000 have had said "power" restored, this leaves nearly two million people still disconnected. Children wander a lunar landscape. Worse than mere "homelessness", panic stricken, these poor souls are in an ~~environment~~ environment where "normal" conveniences are nowhere to be had. Surely our technologically advanced civilization is a thin veneer that can be shattered quite easily by the great forces of the Natural World, which can be seen is absolutely indifferent to human suffering... or the suffering of other species, ~~or~~ the plants and animals.]

Ø

I have disabled both message boards, isis & exit, and I am tempted to make my blog private. I may do some work on them, but I feel compelled at this time to disappear from the Internet "due to cosmic indifference."

I will see how this feels. The content at isis is still accessible. When I clean it up and organize it, maybe I'll enable them. Until then, why bother? Nobody posts anyway. I'm tired of debating!

Nature belongs to itself. The void is a subset of any set: it is universally included. The void possesses a subset, which is the void itself.

Examining these properties of the void is an ontological exercise. The first property testifies to the omnipresence of the void. The void, to which nothing belongs, is, by this very fact, included in everything.

Politics can be defined as an assault against the State. The State is precisely non-political.

The singleton of the void written as $\{\emptyset\}$

The name of the void written as \emptyset , meaning $\{\emptyset\}$.

$\{\emptyset\}$ is the FORMATION-INTO-ONE of the void. Its sole element is \emptyset .

What would the parts of the powerset of $p(\emptyset)$ be?

There is $\{\emptyset\}$ itself.

There is also \emptyset because the void is universally included in every multiple. \emptyset is part of every set. The multiple $p(\emptyset)$ has 2 elements, \emptyset and $\{\emptyset\}$.

Here, woven from nothing apart from the void,
we have the ontological schema of the Two,
which can be written $\{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \}$.

The element, \emptyset , is part of the Two.

The element, $\{ \emptyset \}$, is also a part since
 \emptyset is an element of the Two (it, \emptyset , belongs to it, $\{ \emptyset \}$).

The two elements of the Two are also two parts of the
Two.

Husserl and the phenomenologists sought to re-
invigorate philosophy by returning it to the life
of ~~subject and~~ of object, the living breathing
sensual subject.

Traditional concepts of subject and object are philosophical
constructions that distort the true nature of the human
experience of the world.

Ø

Mental note: Brandy (little shot) is good, even in instant
coffee with or without MILK. It makes for a
smooth operation for taking the edge off ever so slightly.